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The GUARDIAN.

Luſit amabiliter——

Thurſday, Auguſt 6. 1713.

AN agreeable young Gentleman, that has a Talent for Poetry, and does me the Favour to entertain me with his Performances after my more ſerious Studies, read me Yeſterday the following Tranſlation. In this Town, where there are ſo many Women of proſtituted Charms, I am very glad when I gain ſo much Time of Reflection from a Youth of a gay Turn, as is taken up in any Compoſition, tho' the Piece he writes is not foreign to that his natural Inclination. For it is a great Step towards gaining upon the Paſſions, that there is a Delicacy in the Choice of their Object, and to turn the Imagination towards a Bride, rather than a Miſtreſs, is getting a great way towards being in the Intereſts of Virtue. It is an hopeleſs manner of reclaiming Youth, which has been practiſed by ſome Moraliſts, to declaim againſt Pleaſure in general: Only the way is to ſhow, that the pleaſurable Courſe is that which is limited and governed by Reaſon. In this caſe Virtue is upon equal Terms with Vice, and has, with all the ſame Indulgences of Deſire, the Advantage of Safety in Honour and Reputation. I have for this reaſon often thought of exerciſing my Pupils, of whom I have ſeveral of admirable Talents, upon Writing little Poems, or Epigrams, which in a Volume I would entitle the *Seeing Cupid.* Theſe Compoſitions ſhould be written on the little Advances made towards a young Lady of the ſtricteſt Virtue, and all the Circumſtances alluded to in them, ſhould have ſomething that might pleaſe her Mind in its pureſt Innocence, as well as celebrate her Perſon in its higheſt Beauty. This Work would inſtruct a Woman to be a good Wife, all the while it is a Wooing her to be a Bride. Imagination and Reaſon ſhould go hand in hand in a generous Amour, for when it is otherwiſe, real Diſcontent and Averſion in Marriage ſucceed the groundleſs and wild Promiſe of Imagination in Courtſhip.

The Court of *Venus* from *Claudian*, being Part of the *Epithalamium* on *Honorius*, and *Maria.*

IN the fam'd Cyprus, by a Mountain ſtands,
That caſts a Shadow into diſtant Lands.
In vain Acceſs by Human Feet is try'd,
It's lofty Brow looks down with noble Pride
On bounteous Nile, thro' ſeven wide Channels ſpread,
And ſees old Proteus in his Oozie Bed.
Along it's Sides no hoary Froſts preſume
To blaſt the Myrtle Shrubs, or nip the Bloom.
The Winds with caution ſweep the riſing Flow'rs,
While balmy Dews deſcend, and vernal Show'rs.
The ruling Orbs no Wintry Horrors bring,
Fix'd in th' Indulgence of Eternal Spring.
Unfading Sweets in Purple Scenes appear,
And genial Breezes ſoften all the Year.
The nice, luxurious Soul, unclog'd, may rove,
From Pleaſures ſtill to circling Pleaſures move,
For endleſs Beauty kindles endleſs Love.

The Mountain, when the Summit once you gain,
Falls by degrees, and ſinks into a Plain;
Where the pleaſ'd Eye may flow'ry Meads behold
Encloſ'd with branching Oar, and hedg'd with Gold.
Or where large Crops the gen'rous Glebe ſupplies,
And yellow Harveſts, unprovok'd, ariſe.
For by mild Zephyrs fann'd, the teeming Soil
Yields ev'ry Grain, nor asks the Peaſant's Toil.
Theſe were the Bribes, the Price of Heav'nly Charms,
Theſe Cytherea won to Vulcan's Arms.
For ſuch a Bliſs he ſuch a Gift beſtow'd,
The rich, th' immortal Labours of a God.

A Sylvan Scene, in ſolemn State diſplay'd,
Flatters each feather'd Warbler with a Shade;
But here no Bird it's Painted Wings can move,
Unleſs elected by the Queen of Love.

E'er

(Price Two Pence.)